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Vol. 10, No. 3 (1990)

Lawrence Wells

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Saul Rosenberg

Jeffrey E. Simpson

Michael A. Crivello

See next page for additional authors

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Vol. 10, No. 3 (1990)

Authors

Lawrence Wells, Dean Faulkner Wells, Saul Rosenberg, Jeffrey E. Simpson, Michael A. Crivello, and William Boozer

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER

& Yoknapatawpha Review

Vol. X, No. 3

July-September 1990

A Checklist

Six New Full Length Studies Are Published

Important new studies on Faulkner and his work have come recently from John E. Bassett, Minrose C. Gwin, Gary Harrington, Daniel Hoffman, Bern Keating and Joseph R. Urgo.

Bassett, John E. *Vision and Revisions: Essays on Faulkner*. West Cornwall, Conn.: Locust Hill Press, 1989. Locust Hill Literary Studies No. 4. Fourteen essays have as central concerns "the functions of characters, the development of an artistic vision, the concern with the possibilities and limitations of verbal art itself, and patterns of revising and reconceiving earlier material." 243 pp. + xii and index. \$30.

Gwin, Minrose C. *The Feminine and Faulkner: Reading (Beyond) Sexual Difference*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1990. Gwin has written "a series of 'conversations' with the feminine in Faulkner's poetics," suggesting that "Faulkner's art contains 'bisexual spaces' that arise from the tension between the male creative consciousness and its feminine voices." 154 + x pp. and notes, selected bibliography, and index. \$24.50.

Harrington, Gary. *Faulkner's Fables of Creativity: The Non-Yoknapatawpha Novels*. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1990. Studies of *Soldiers' Pay*, *Mosquitoes*, *Pylon*, *The Wild Palms* and *A Fable*. Harrington finds that the five novels "which have been for so long largely ignored by Faulkner scholars...contain, if not a single key to the canon, then certainly an abundance of hints and clues as to the way in which all of Faulkner's works should individually and collectively be read." 131 + x pp., notes and index. \$30.

Hoffman, Daniel. *Faulkner's Country Matters: Folklore and Fable in Yoknapatawpha*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1989. Studies on "Folklore, Form, and Fable" and on *The Unvanquished*, *The Hamlet*, and *Go Down, Moses*. Hoffman draws on fieldwork from the Federal Writers' Project in Mississippi in the 1930s to treat "Faulkner's ironical, subversive, and transformative appropriations of folklore plots, characters, comedy, language, and the style of oral tale-telling, setting these in the full complexity of the works they animate," and treats Faulkner's interpretations of myth as history and history as myth. 174 + xviii pages and index. \$19.95.

Keating, Bern. *Faulkner's Seacoast*

(Continued Page 4)

Eudora Welty Fan Letter

27 April.

Dear Welty:

You are doing fine. You are doing all right. I read THE GILDED SIX BITS, a friend loaned me THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM, I have just bought the collection named GREEN something, haven't read it yet, expect nothing from it because I expect from you. You are doing very fine. Is there any way that I can help you? How old are you?

When I read THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM I thought of course of Djuna Barnes, the same as you thought of Djuna Barnes. I expect you to pass that, though.

Do you mind telling me about your background? My address is below, until July.

William Faulkner
% Warner Bros. Studio,
Burbank, Calif.

LETTER FROM FAULKNER TO EUDORA WELTY that Miss Welty mentions in her *Paris Review* interview (Vol. 14, No. 55, Fall 1972) as having been lost is in the Faulkner Archives of the University of Virginia Library. Joan St. C. Crane in "William Faulkner to Eudora Welty: A Letter," in the summer 1989 Faulkner Special Issue of *The Mississippi Quarterly*, writes that the April 27, 1943 letter had been forwarded by Miss Welty to a friend, Nancy Farley, in New York. For 40 years, Crane writes, the letter was among Miss Farley's papers. It was found by her heirs, and purchased later by the Virginia Library. The letter was published also in *Beginnings*, the program for an Oct. 30, 1989 celebration of the 10th anniversary of the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, in which Miss Welty participated. The Faulkner letter to Welty is copyrighted by W.W. Norton & Co. and is published here with their permission.

Faulkner Scholar Carvel Collins Is Remembered With Affection

By LARRY and DEAN WELLS

A preeminent authority in the field of Faulkner Studies is dead. Carvel Collins died of a cerebral hemorrhage in Oceanside, Calif. on April 10. He was 77.

His age may come as a surprise to many acquaintances, since he set a pace that a 35-year-old would be hard-pressed to emulate. There was a youthful presence about him, a relish for work and for living that would not be denied.

We had the privilege of working with Collins in 1976 when he wrote an Introduction to *William Faulkner: The Cofield Collection*. When questions of biographical facts arose, he had a way of inspiring confidence by the truck load. The *Los Angeles Times* called him the indisputable Faulkner authority "in the way that Coca-Cola is the soft drink or Nikon the camera."

Collins became immersed in Faulkner's work in 1929, having read *The Sound and the Fury* as an undergraduate student at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. After receiving his B.A. degree there, he attended the University of Chicago for a master's and his doctorate.

During a long and distinguished career, he taught English at Colorado State College, Stephens College, Harvard University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Notre Dame.

While at Harvard in 1948 he held the first college seminar devoted exclusively to Faulkner. In many scholarly articles, Collins pursued his favorite theme: That

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Contest Winners

Saul Rosenberg Places First With "Delta Faulkner"

Saul Rosenberg of London, a graduate student at Columbia University, is winner of the first annual Faulkner Write-alike Contest with a two-paragraph essay titled "Delta Faulkner" that marches to cadences of vintage Faulkner prose.

First honorable mention goes to Jeffrey E. Simpson of Middletown, R.I. for "Sampson Agonistes," called by Simpson "Faulkner's account of the brief fight between Ralph Sampson and Jerry Sichting during the 5th game of the 1986 N.B.A. championship series between the Houston Rockets and the Boston Celtics."

Second honorable mention has been won by Michael A. Crivello of Flower Mound, Texas for "an affectionate parody" titled "A Wal-Mart for Jefferson."

The top three winners were chosen by Judges George Plimpton, William Styron and Willie Morris from more than 650 entries from 46 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, Australia, Brazil, Canada, England and France.

Rosenberg, 26, is at work on a doctoral dissertation on Faulkner. He also holds degrees from Cambridge University and the University of California at Berkeley. "I began reading Faulkner at age 13 or 14," he says, "and after that, I read everything he wrote as soon as I could get it."

Here is his winning entry:

DELTA FAULKNER

By Saul Rosenberg

They came that year as they had come the year before and would come again the year after: the editors and publishers and critics good bad and indifferent but mostly indifferent and some just to say *oh yes the faulkner conference I made one* and even the representatives of an airline who had come to award a prize on the lawn of the stillupkept colonial mansion to that one who man woman or child could write as well as he could when he didnt and wise too not because it was easy (it wasnt) and not because it would do their airline any good (it wouldnt) but at least it was possible because heaven help anyone who thought he or she could write as well as he could when he did; the mansion upkept still though the very bones of its erstwhile owner (himself owner and proprietor too of that two thousand four hundred square miles of land more famous than any actual or apocryphal in the whole peopled continent) which had held together long enough to support the spirit that

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Faulkner Scholar Carvel Collins Is Remembered With Affection

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Faulkner should not be approached as primarily a Southern, or regional, writer, but—to put it in Collins' own words—"a writer for the ages who spoke universal truths." His former students remember him with great admiration and affection.

He retired from Notre Dame in 1978, and he and his wife Ann moved to Vista, Calif., in San Diego County, where Collins vigorously pursued his biographical research.

Collins edited and introduced several of Faulkner's works, including *Mayday*, *The Unvanquished*, and *Helen: A Courtship*. He was a consultant for the PBS documentary film, "A Life On Paper," and wrote an introduction to the published script.

During his career he drew criticism for not publishing his *magnum opus*, the result of half a century's dedicated research, with 24 filing cabinets filled with interviews, news clippings, rare photos, correspondence, notes and revisions of what the scholarly community assumed was to be a two-volume biography of Faulkner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux contracted to publish it in the 1960s. The big question, of course, was why didn't he go ahead and publish?

In an interview with the *L.A. Times* in 1986, Collins explained that "Faulkner never wanted his biography to be published. I promised him I wouldn't publish one during his lifetime. Then he died unexpectedly. The widow, under immense pressure, committed to have [Joseph] Blotner do it. In most cases the authorized biographer has a terrific inside track. It occurred to me that no matter how high the quality of mine, people would still say, 'Let's wait for the authorized book.' If I did go ahead, the author of that would have mine to draw on. I decided to wait until his was out."

In this last statement much can be read about Collins' motives and intentions.

Like his biographical subject he was a private man, intensely individualistic, extremely demanding of himself, meticulous to a fault regarding factual errors. He once joked with us about a schoolmarmish predilection for "dotting i's and crossing t's." He spent many years and more than \$100,000 of personal funds collecting data and interviews, cross-referencing conversations so that one witness would unknowingly corroborate another's story that Faulkner was in such-and-such a place at a given time.

"I'm obviously not in this to make money," he once said. "I'll never recover what I put into it."

What he lived for, was totally dedicated to, was telling Faulkner's life history the best it could be told, and in his zeal for perfection he was sometimes his own worst enemy.

One of his often-repeated maxims had to do with "glass house residency," a lifelong condition every biographer must endure. If one garners stones and occasionally lobs one at somebody else's house, he must stand ready to repair his own cracked roof. The problem was, Carvel wanted to make his glass house stone-proof. Writing his book had become more difficult, he said, because he needed to correct misconceptions that had gotten into print over the years. There was no point in arguing that he might simply bring new facts to light and let the readers interpret them for themselves. He had his mind—and his heart—set on doing it his way.

He once asked us why the annual Faulkner Conference at the University of Mississippi had not included him on the program in a long time, and we told him frankly that it could be due to skepticism among the academic community as to whether he eventually would publish his biography. He chuckled with genuine relief and said, "Oh, well, then, that's okay. I thought it was because I hadn't done a good job for them when I lectured before." In other words, there was no doubt in his mind that he would finish the book and see it published. We believed him.

[Editor's note: Collins was on the program staff of the second annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference, in 1975. He was to have been on the program at the 1990 conference, and had already submitted his paper. The paper, "Ad Astra' Through New Haven: Some Biographical Sources of Faulkner's War Fiction," will be read by Larry Wells.]

He returned the royalty advance for the planned biography to Farrar, Straus & Giroux, saying that he did not feel it was right to keep the money and not deliver the book on schedule. In the meantime, all those factual errors had a habit of compounding themselves, and keeping track of them was time consuming.

At the MLA meeting in New York in 1987, Collins delivered a brilliant lecture about the conception of *The Sound and the Fury*, riveting his audience (a packed house) with his revelations. He had interviewed William Odiorne, Faulkner's companion in Paris in 1925, who gave Carvel a 100-page reminiscence describing Faulkner's detailed descriptions of the characters and plot of *The Sound and the Fury*—i.e., several years before writing "Twilight," the short story that scholars generally have agreed was the genesis for *The Sound and the Fury*. The moderator ended the subsequent panel discussion by thanking Carvel for his insights and asking him to share more of them in the future.

This was a typical example of what the academic community came to expect of Collins, that he played with his cards too close to his vest. Carvel was aware of this criticism, and he was not impervious to gossip. It hurt. But he was true to himself, to his own standards, however stubborn and unrealistic they may have seemed to others.

He was a detective in academic garb, a gumshoe, a Confucius of common sense, the ultimate do-it-yourselfer.

He once told us that he and his wife Ann had day-dreamed of leaving stuffy academe and hitting the road as gypsy truckers. (Carvel had driven a 16-wheeler during the Depression to support his mother while saving to pay for college.) Later,

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CARVEL COLLINS, in a photo made in 1978 at Notre Dame.

Joseph the Provider Offers Choice Copy Of The Marble Faun

William Faulkner was not appreciated as a poet when his first book, *The Marble Faun*, was published on Dec. 15, 1924 by Four Seas Co. in Boston. But *The Marble Faun* has "appreciated" today.

The latest copy to come on the market is offered by Joseph the Provider of Santa Barbara, Calif. in their Modern First Editions Catalogue 42.

"This copy is inscribed by Faulkner in the form of a ...poem just four days after the publication date," the catalogue listing states. The inscription reads:

"To Frank Kelly, / a large oasis in an arid region, / thou art the date palm and the shining water amid the waste, / thou art mine only bulwark against the powers of darkness, / now that the whole world has gone dry. / Hic jacet (principally hic) / Bill Falkner / 19 December 1924 / Who is this, that cometh out of the wilderness, / arrayed in whiskey labels? / Is it not the symbolical beast of the G.O.P.? / No, Aques, thank God, he's Irish."

The Joseph the Provider catalogue entry reads:

"Faulkner received the first ten copies of *The Marble Faun* on the 19th of December. This is one of those copies; no earlier inscribed copy has yet come to light.

"Frank Kelly was a drinking buddy of the young Faulkner. In a letter to the wife of a Memphis physician just 17 days earlier, December 2, 1924, Faulkner wrote: 'I seem to recall, when Mr. Kelly and I were with you one evening last week, giving you a copy of one of my poems. Mr. Kelly and I were having such a grand time then that I don't know what I wrote...' The 'grand time' Faulkner alludes to was the result of much drinking by Kelly and him, and they subsequently spent the night in a Memphis jail, presumably for public

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER
& Yoknapatawpha Review

William Boozer
Editor

Dean Faulkner Wells
and Lawrence Wells
Publishers

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E.L. Doctorow Wins PEN/Faulkner Award

E.L. Doctorow is the winner of the 10th annual PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction for his 1989 novel *Billy Bathgate* (Random House). Doctorow received the \$7,500 award at a ceremony on May 12 at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington.

Billy Bathgate is Doctorow's eighth novel.

Doctorow, 59, grew up in the Bronx and graduated from Kenyon College. Since 1969 he has devoted his time to writing and teaching, and currently holds the Glucksman Chair in American Letters at New York University.

To select Doctorow's novel, judges Nicholas Delbanco, Ellen Douglas and Grace Paley considered almost 250 novels and short story collections published in the U.S. during 1989.

Four other nominated writers received \$2,500: Russell Banks for *Affliction* (Harper & Row); Molly Gloss for *The Jump-Off Creek* (Houghton Mifflin); Josephine Jacobsen for *On the Island* (Ontario); and Lynne Sharon Schwartz for *Leaving Brooklyn* (Houghton Mifflin).

The PEN/Faulkner Award, founded and judged by writers, pays tribute to William Faulkner, who used his Nobel Prize funds to support and encourage other writers.

drunkenness.

"Certainly the earliest and longest Faulkner inscription known to us. An unusually fine copy in an excellent example of the rare dust jacket (internally strengthened at the folds with archival tape). In a lovely cloth folding box with giltstamped leather spine and label. A Faulkner rarity of the first rank."

The price: \$55,000.

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Faulkner Conference Poster

FAULKNER AND THE SHORT STORY



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William C. Baker Collection

The University of Mississippi
Faulkner & Yoknapatawpha Conference
Oxford, Mississippi, July 29-August 3, 1990

The University of Mississippi announces the Seventeenth Annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference.
The conference is sponsored by the Department of English and the Center for the Study of Southern Culture,
The University of Mississippi, University, MS 38677, 601/232-5993.

Carvel Collins (From Page 2)

during a Thanksgiving holiday trip, their car broke down and while waiting for repairs they ate a turkey dinner at a truckstop cafe. "We looked at that gray meat and gelatinous gravy," Carvel told us, laughing, "and gypsy trucking went out the window." But he liked being on the road.

He drove his gently-aging Mercedes (he bought a spare diesel engine, did most of his own mechanical repairs) up and down the byroads of America, especially in Mississippi, Memphis and New Orleans, tracking down his "leads." In the beginning, back in the 1950s, he gave to the hunt a devotion other men give a mistress, savoring the muggy air of the Mississippi Delta like a connoisseur lingering over a fine wine. Over the years, however, his "sources" began to dry up as old age took its toll. Soon he found himself on the road less and less. It would have been scant consolation to know that much of the material he had collected was now inaccessible to his rivals.

It would not be over, of course, before he allowed it to be. There was always one more anecdote or cross-reference out there, waiting to be told. So he chose to keep the hunt going as long as he could. Who can blame him?

Some time ago, Collins arranged for his materials to be left to the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas. Now the rush will be on to discover what was or was not written. There is no doubt that more than one book will come from all that store of facts and expert observations and notations. But it will not be the same.

We went on a trip to the Delta with him once, during the 1970s, in the old Mercedes. He was very strict about keeping under the speed limit, then 55 mph. We were looking for Faulkner's hunting lodge near Marks, Miss. We remember his concentration, his sense of direction, his air of drama and expectancy, and most of all his enthusiasm. He gave to this small event a significance and a presence that we will never forget. We found the hunters' cabin, then being used as a hay shed. Collins walked around it, stopping at the rattling sounds of mice or birds, sensing the lost voices, the hunting tales told, the laughter. Glancing at his rapt, intense expression we could almost smell the bourbon, too. Minutes later he paused to chat with the farmer who owned the land and talked about weather and crops and the vanished forest—the big woods—that had given way to soybeans. He might have been talking with one of Faulkner's characters. It was all of a piece of Carvel—fiction, biography, life.

We will miss him very much.

Rosenberg, Simpson, Crivello Win 1st Faulkner Write-alike Contest

(From Page 1)

produced the work in what agony what sweat had long since returned to the annealing immemorial dust.

They came to talk. They had talked now for forty years and would talk forty more, and each year there would be a little less of the rich unbroken alluvial virgin ground: the new critics and there was plenty of room because it was just a trickle and the structuralists and there was still plenty left and the poststructuralists and it was a stream but that was alright because streams until at last it was a flood and alright still because when the new historicists (and who to know till then that the old historicists were old) came the deconstructionists had gone ahead clearing the ground before them and even this was alright because beneath it all, lectures seminars symposiums books papers whatever were the old bright words running strong illimitable and free; and the new ones not wiser or better but just younger and what they said not richer or truer but just flashier so that in all that echoing sound and iterant fury only the names had changed and over it all as if evolved by the old tales and telling out of the circumambient air there mused terrific somnolent and profound in the augmenting and defunctive twilight the figure of a man unimposing to the sight but to the mind a giant who had created out of the history of an old dead land and time rich in glamor and fatality and richer still in doom a fable that could never die.



Jeffrey E. Simpson, 35, teaches English at St. George's School in Newport, R.I., and is finishing his doctoral studies at Brown University. "I was taking a seminar on the modern novel in summer school," he says, "and the professor assigned a short paper for us to write. We had just finished reading *Absalom, Absalom!*, so I did a Faulkner parody."

Michael A. Crivello, 37, is a graduate of Marquette University, holds a master's degree from the University of North Texas, and teaches English at the Lewisville, Texas High School. He has been interested in Faulkner since high school and attended the 1989 Faulkner Conference at the University of Mississippi on a humanities fellowship, "doing an independent study on the theme of initiation in Faulkner's works."



SAMPSON AGONISTES

By Jeffrey E. Simpson

So the embattlement came in the 5th game when Sampson (the name given, not chosen) flung an annihilating fist at Jerry Sighting (intended not achieved) and so was ejected and banished from the game (saying, "a bullshit call, a bullshit call"); Sampson whose corporeal verticality peaked not at 5 and 1/2, not at 6 and 1/2, but at 7 and 1/2 feet, the frame towering, immense, monumental, yet neither hefty nor profuse in the sinew and tissue and primordial beef that made Moses Malone such an indomitable leader in Houston four years before; he (Sampson) whose inexorable progress up court was impeded not forthrightly with a stationary screen but demonically with hostile movement from below, who felt his body (light and august) badgered not for the first time and not by accident, who was badgered even at U.V.A. where 7' 4" and gifted should win not some, not most, but all

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Spotted Horses

written by William Faulkner
original lithographs by Boyd Saunders

The University of South Carolina Press is proud to announce the publication of a very unique book, *Spotted Horses*, written by William Faulkner and illustrated with original lithographs by South Carolina artist Boyd Saunders. A deluxe, limited edition of Faulkner's short story from *The Hamlet*, the book was hand-produced over a two year period and includes 34 original lithographs by Saunders, a professor in the University of South Carolina Department of Art. Printed using a unique process of hand-drawn and registered, grained aluminum plates, Saunders brings unbelievable visual presence to the Faulkner characters of Frenchman's Bend, Mississippi. From the serpentine cunning of Flem Snopes, to the raging impotence of Henry Armstid, to the stoic resignation of Mrs. Littlejohn, and the wildness of the unbroken, mustang ponies, Saunders depicts this typically treacherous Snopsian tale in unparalleled beauty and power.

Because of the nature of the printing process, each book is a set of original prints. This edition is limited to 600 copies, all of which are signed and numbered by the artist. Printed on a quality felt paper with deckled edges, the book has an embossed cover and matching slipcase of the finest cloth and genuine leather and comes with a loose lithograph signed by the artist and suitable for framing. *Spotted Horses* is available from the University of South Carolina Press for \$350.00 plus \$25.00 for shipping.

University of South Carolina Press
1716 College Street, Columbia, SC 29208, (803) 777-5075

Write-alike Winners

(From Page 3)

games, swinging not at Jerry Sichting (at 6' 1" no taller than many of the sporting scribes who tormented him in Virginia and who tormented him now) but at all life's insidious entanglements and diminutive fatalities; and then he lay sighing in the forced sanctuary of the locker room, watching the t.v. imaged outrage (Sampson not on the court, Sampson not playing), thinking "it was done for no reason, done to spite and flout me, as if I was not Sampson (light and august) but some nameless reserve putting in two minutes, then yanked"; yet I hold no brief for Sampson, responding afterwards (the game over and won) with upraised fist (triumph as well as anger now) to the sound and the fury of the impassioned home crowd, knowing even then that he must return to Boston where the twin pillars (Olajuwon the other) would surely collapse, vanquished at last.

A WAL-MART FOR JEFFERSON

By Michael A. Crivello

ITEM: "[Sam] Walton, through Wal-Mart and a new business, Sam's Wholesale Club, created more employment in Mississippi in the 1980s than any other person." — Source: *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, p. 755.

First was the nameless plot of land: doomed to be encompassed in the apotheosis of the white man's trade; transmogrified by the hands of man from its moiling earthface, gully-drawn plow-turned ammoniac mule-ambulated; its immortal destiny to be parking-lotted and Wal-Marted; where the once indomitable trees fell to the axe and the horny-handed (and nameless now too) sons of the earth: they myriad and mired and miscegenated and more—mixed-up; who thought that by having they could own when owning wasn't possessing, omitting the apostrophe of doom from their possessive pronouns and even contractions, but rather fraught imperiled charged laden and plumb stuck with—blest and damned too—damned too the sons of the sons of the horny-handed now murmuring in the now air-conditioned Courthouse in Jefferson: "Let him take it. I can't farm it. Maybe that Walton can grow one of his big stores there." This last said with a derisive laugh. So thus came Walton.

Or rather an attorney of Walton's, *quorum pars magna fui* ("With a lot more 'phooey' than 'magna,'" a Ratliffe quipped), Memphis-slick in a suit looking machine-stamped from tin, or tinned from a stamp-machine, or something like that; at least that was the talk as the myriad town voices witnessed the deal closed; and the Jefferson women chorus-like and absolved from abhorrence in their modern assent: they too doomed but not damned—undamned yet not undone, the granddaughters of they who once would rage unsilently at the sight of Grant on a \$50 bill, refusing to accept one from a bank in that spinal severity that not '63 nor '64 nor '65 could snap; overnight and timeless the big store rose; they all shopped there; some of their sons and daughters even worked there (though one said, this a Ratliffe again, he "could never actively flush one when he was hunting for one") myriad in the aisles, each item in its ordered place, where now nothing smelled where long ago once the aspirant shopper inhaled the earthy kerosene and cheese smells and man-odors of the general store. Now no more; gone, doomed, damned—Wal-Mart.



Saul Rosenberg will receive his first place award at a ceremony on July 29 at Rowan Oak, Faulkner's home, opening the 17th annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi.

His name, and names of winners of subsequent contests, will be inscribed on a plaque that will be permanently installed at the Ole Miss Center for the Study of Southern Culture, a sponsor of the contest with American Airlines' *American Way* magazine and Yoknapatawpha Press and its *Faulkner Newsletter*.

The winner also gets roundtrip air fare for two to any American Airlines destination in the continental U.S., Hawaii or the Bahamas, and five days lodging in a Marriott Hotel if present at the destination of choice. Also awarded are roundtrip air fare for two to the Faulkner Conference and complimentary registration, a week at the Holiday Inn of Oxford, tours of Faulkner country, and selected meals during the week at participating Oxford restaurants.

The two runners-up each will be special guests at Faulkner Conference functions, and will receive 10-year subscriptions to *The Faulkner Newsletter*.

Joining George Plimpton in presenting the awards will be Douglas Crichton, executive editor of *American Way*, Willie Morris, Ann J. Abadie, associate director of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture, and Dean Faulkner Wells, publisher with her husband, Lawrence Wells, of *FN* and coordinator of the imitation Faulkner competition.

Following the ceremony, *American Way* will host a cocktail buffet for the winners, Faulkner Conference registrants, and invited guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Beckett Howorth across Old Taylor Road from Rowan Oak.

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& Yoknapatawpha Review
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Collins Remembered For His Generosity And Encouragement

By WILLIAM BOOZER

The affectionate remembrance of Carvel Collins in this issue by Larry and Dean Wells needs no postscript by me. But I want to exercise an editor's prerogative and add a personal note.

The Faulkner Newsletter has had no more loyal a friend than this man who was chief among our cheerleaders.

I've been leafing through my correspondence with him, dating to 1974. Carvel was not only a scholar with a strong regard for facts; he was a splendid letter writer who practiced the most important basics of letter writing: Keep them short, and to the point.

He had been in pursuit of Faulkner, first as a student and then as scholar, for something like 45 years when I met him. One might think that, by then, he would have had all of Faulkner in hand and in mind. Wrong. He never abandoned the search.

Here was a man who appreciated the collector's instincts as few scholars seem to do. He was forever helping me in my own pursuit of Faulkner with such items as the gorgeous Gallimard printing of *Early Prose and Poetry* and with other books and offprints in English, dutifully signing them.

And memorabilia, such as a copy of the invitation that went out in New Orleans for the Dec. 12, 1976, dedication of a plaque marking the house at 624 Pirates Alley where Faulkner wrote *Soldiers' Pay*. "Too bad that...the foundry couldn't quite deal with the placement of the troublesome apostrophe in *Soldiers' Pay* and so they left it off the plaque altogether," he wrote.

He was forever needing a photocopy of something, always wanting to reimburse for postage and copying charges. "I enclose a check for \$14.81 for what my research assistant has figured out were the shipping expenses and the raw copying expenses," he wrote at one point.

He had a truncated name for the annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at Ole Miss.

"I wish I could have been at the Faulkner cook-out with you," he wrote from Vista, Calif. on Oct. 10, 1978, while in the process of moving his Faulkner archives from South Bend. "But I was thumping the third U-Haul truck mit trailer across two-thirds of our broad land. With a trip for a car, that makes four jaunts, and I fly off tomorrow to ferry back another car, [pulling] a boat. Then I settle down in the Golden West."

I'll remember Carvel for encouragement he freely gave and for his generosity that sometimes led to overstatement.

"What a friend and efficient scholar you are," he wrote at one point, thanking me for confirmation of another of those facts he was chasing. He knew that I have no credentials as a scholar and pretend to none. "The obituary of Helen Baird's father is invaluable, and I thank you warmly."

Another time, he was needing to see Noel Polk's Afterword to *Sanctuary: The Original Text*, and he was in a hurry. He had tried six bookstores out there in California. "They can order anything but they seem to do it through a clearing house in Iceland or Cape

Checklist

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of *Bohemia*. Memphis: White Rose Press, 1989. Keating corrects Faulkner on some history, but stoutly defends the artistry in the work and the license Faulkner exercised. "Not that a historical blooper impairs the value of Faulkner's work," Keating writes. "No more than we low rate Shakespeare for his seacoast of Bohemia do we demote Faulkner for putting glaciers in Mississippi. We don't require poets to be literally exact in their facts, as we do a chemist or a certified public accountant." 124 pp. \$14.95.

Urgo, Joseph R. *Faulkner's Apocrypha: A Fable, Snopes, and the Spirit of Human Rebellion*. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1989. Urgo deals with *A Fable* and the Snopes trilogy in drawing important distinctions between the apocryphal and mythical in Faulkner's later fiction. Faulkner's "fictional production is a sustained assault on common sense ideas about reality and on what passes by ordinary for truth, authority, and perception," Urgo begins his study. "He called his life's work his 'apocrypha,' but no one until now has taken him seriously in his use of this descriptive term." Eric J. Sundquist in a jacket blurb lauds Urgo's work for containing "provocative new readings of some of Faulkner's late work and [for arguing] inventively that the work should be read in part as a response to [Malcolm] Cowley's intervention and his own public roles." 222 pp. + ix and index. \$30.

Horn."

And he was forever correcting others' errors, forever teaching.

"The advertisement for *Helen: A Courtship* on p. 3 of the *Faulkner Newsletter* [Vol. I, No. 3, July-September 1981] is inaccurate about 'When he was 29 and living on the Mississippi Gulf Coast in 1926, William Faulkner made a gift of....' " he corrected us in a handwritten note. "He was in Oxford when he made the book, and he didn't give it to her, I think, until much later, perhaps not until 1927, for Helen was not at Pascagoula in the summer of 1926, being in Europe from Feb. 1926 on."

He had set the record straight once again.

The scholars in time will get to that treasure of his papers and manuscripts and tapes at the Humanities Research Center in Austin, and we'll have some more needed corrections in the field of Faulkner Studies.

I was always inviting him to send us something for *FN*. He sent us only one query, concerning some charred sheets of Faulkner prose he had salvaged from the debris left from the burning of Phil Stone's home in Oxford in 1942 (Vol. I, No. 3).

But he was always leading the cheers, always encouraging.

"Keep up the excellent work with your newsletter," he would write.

"Onward and upward," he would sign off his letters.

And in my copy of his "Faulkner's *Mayday*," from University of Notre Dame Press, he wrote: "To Bill Boozer, with gratitude and admiration—Carvel."

Which is how I'll remember him.